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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

[From Rev. H Winslow's lecture to the female teachers of this city, published in the Common School Journal.]

VIEWS AND MOTIVES OF THE TEACHER.

(*Continued.*)

3. The teacher will appreciate his calling yet more, if he contemplates his pupils, not as children, not as they are now, but as they are *soon to be.* When the husbandman, who has scattered his seed in hope, sees the tender blade of wheat just springing forth to the light, he begins already to rejoice in anticipation of the full-grown and gathered harvest. His imagination bounds onward, and gazes upon the golden ears, thickly set, bending and waving in the field, and still onward, to the replenished and bursting granaries. He lives in the future.

The man, who plants his nursery and sets out his fruit trees, as he trims, straightens, and nurses them, and watches their growth from time to time, gazes upon them and delights in them, not as they are now, but as they are to be when, spreading out their numerous branches, and bending to the earth under the weight of fruit. When the dresser of a vineyard inserts the little stems in the earth, when he goes forth with care and diligence, every day to create, protect, prune, and direct the small and tender vines, his imagination riots upon the charming sights, the fragrant odors, the delicious fruits, which are in prospect. Clusters of ripe grapes, he sees hanging bountifully on every side, and already is the atmosphere perfumed by their presence. Such are his encouragements to labor. He lives and labors in the enjoyment of what is to be.

When we look upon little children as they now are, they seem to be creatures of small value. How feeble their intellects; how limited their knowledge; how imperfect their judgments;—how laborious and difficult the task, to fix in their minds even the simplest rudiments of knowledge. They have but small capacities for receiving, and they are almost destitute of any power to execute. In a word, they seem to be almost worthless and useless creatures. But look forward a few years, and see what they are then. They are our rulers, our statesmen, our judges; they are our counsellors at law, our divines, our physicians; they are, in turn, the depositaries of knowledge, the chroniclers of the past, the teachers and guides of the young;—the agricultural, commercial, political, moral and religious interests of the nation are all at their disposal. They are the fathers, and the mothers on whom depend the welfare of all the families, the training up of all the sons and daughters in the land. And it is always to be presumed, that in a numerous collection of children, some of them are destined to eminence in their calling;—perhaps to lead on the march of mind to unexplored regions of thought; or to benefit mankind with some great and valuable discovery; or to defend and save their country; or to enrich the literary world with their productions; or to become illustrious benefactors; or to become chosen and powerful instruments in extending the holy reign of truth and religion. What a privilege, what an honor, to have the early training of such minds! How much it is to be coveted, still to live on, and act in such minds after you are dead. How much more noble and desirable, to leave such an inheritance behind you, than that of wealth.

But there is still a higher view to be taken. The teacher should look upon his young pupils as they are hereafter to become, not merely nor principally in *this* world, but in *eternity.* If their infant minds are rightly directed, and if they shall be led to choose the way of wisdom, think, teacher, how great is your honor. Was it an honor to have had the early training of an Alfred, a Newton, a Milton? Was it an honor to have been instrumental of putting into operation the causes which resulted in a Howard, or a Franklin, or a Washington? But any child that is made to feel the inspiration of heaven, and induced to choose the way of life, will become far more illustrious in eternity, than the greatest of men ever became on earth. These infant minds, now so dull and so feeble, are hereafter to shine amidst the stars of the firmament, in full order, strength and beauty. These infant affections, now just kindling into life, are to flame up and blaze before the throne of God with angelic fervor. These infant voices, that can at present only lisp in broken accents, are to swell the anthems of the skies. These infant hands, which move so feebly and awkwardly, are to strike the golden harps of heaven, and make music for the ears of angels. These infant understandings, that can at present scarcely receive and entertain the simplest and plainest truth, are to comprehend the vast and mighty mysteries of eternity.

Surely, to have the early training of *such* minds, to be the instrument of putting into operaton the causes which lead to *such* results, is an honor to which a king might aspire. However the world may regard the matter now, the period will assuredly come, when it will appear that the calling of the faithful teacher is second in dignity and importance to no other ever pursued on earth.

INSTANTANEOUS REGENERATION.

In reference to this point of doctrine, it may be remarked, that regeneration is supposed to be produced by a miraculous interposition of the Holy Spirit, instantaneously changing the subject from a state of nature to a state of grace. A moment previous to his conversion, as it is understood, a man may be entirely incapable of performing a good action, *totally depraved*; a moment after, the whole scene is changed, and he has neither the inclination nor the power to do that which is evil. This doctrine is founded upon the hypothesis that all actions must be either exclusively sinful or holy; and as the unregenerated man is entirely depraved, and therefore utterly incapable of performing a good action, so the regenerated man is perfectly holy, and consequently destitute of the power and inclination to perform a bad one. 'All actions,' say its advocates, 'are sinful or holy;' and hence there is no middle ground between total depravity and pure disinterestedness. Two characters can only exist—the righteous and the wicked. As, on the one hand, there can be no distinction made in the moral and religious character of those that are regenerated,—as they are all sinful and equally deserving of the same degree of punishment,—so on the other hand, all that have been regenerated are the subjects of the Redeemer, and heirs of his free, sovereign, elective grace. In course, therefore, this doctrine follows the one we have just been noticing.

Upon this doctrine, we may briefly remark, that every thing which we can discover in the constitution of man clearly shows us that he is a progressive being; that he advances from one degree of virtue to another, or moves backward from one degree of vice to another; that he is happy in proportion as he is virtuous; and unhappy in proportion as he is vicious; that his regeneration is effected, not instantaneously, but progressively, as he obtains new impressions, new views and feelings, with regard to his moral and religious character. Let the reader now judge for himself, which of these opinions is the most reasonable, consistent and scriptural.—*Banner.*

[From the Lutheran Observer.]

PRECIOUS JEWELS,

FOR MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL AND STUDENTS IN DIVINITY.

He who doth not frequently pray thus, 'Open thou mine eyes!' is still blind, and hath not an eye; even though he should think himself a profound divine, and be so esteemed by others.—*Bogatsky.*

Preach with that seriousness and fervor, as men that believe their own doctrine, and know their hearers must be prevailed with, or be damned. Think not that all your work is in your studies and pulpit. You are shepherds, and must know every sheep, and what is their disease, and mark their strayings, and help to cure them, and fetch them home. —*Rev. Richard Baxter.*

As preachers of the gospel, we must preach Jesus, who came to seek and to save those who were lost; Jesus who was wounded with whips, and thorns, and nails, that his enemies might be healed.—*Rev. John Newton.*

Worldly interest is too apt, it may be feared, to influence both private professors of religion and even public preachers.—*Bogatsky.*

To render preaching truly of a gospel strain, the law, both as a broken covenant, and as a rule, must be faithfully declared, and urged home on men's consciences, but in a proper connection with the reigning grace of the gospel strictly taken.—*Rev. J. Brown.*

Ministers of Christ, study in hope, and pray in hope and preach in hope of sinners conversion and salvation.—*Rev Thomas Doolittle.*

Sinners, ministers are sent to invite and woo you, to enter into a most near and sweet relation, with Jesus Christ; they are to tell you of the beauty and excellency of his person, of his love and tender affection to poor sinners, of his willingness to be yours, and to make you sharers in his riches.—*Rev. Thomas Vincent.*

There are some professors who are fluent in talking against legal doctrines, legal preaching, and a legal spirit, who little understand what they exclaim against. A legal spirit is a more subtle thing than they imagine: it is too subtle for them.—*Rev. President Edwards.*

We know, that in every point of science difficulties and objections occur to young beginners, which at first view may seem almost unanswerable; but as knowledge increases, the difficulties gradually subside, and at last we perceive they were chiefly owing to the defects of our apprehension. In divinity it is wholly so; 'God is light, and in him is no darkness at all,' his revealed will is like himself, just, holy, pure in the whole, and perfectly consistent in every part.—*Rev. John Newton.*

Christ crucified, and he alone, is the power and wisdom of God; him all Christians, and especially divines, should make their particular practice to study well.—*Bogatsky.*

Our preperation for heaven by a holy life and heavenly temper of mind and conduct of life, is the fairest and most uncontested evidence of the truth and life of our faith, and such a proof of it as will stand the test both in life and death, in this world, and in the world to come.—*Dr. Isaac Watts.*

An union with Christ, as interested in his merits, and the indwelling presence of his spirit; these, and nothing short of these constitute the true Christian.—*Rev. James Hervey.*

He only is a Christian who is one 'inwardly,' whose religion is seated in the heart; 'In the spirit and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men but of God.'—*Rev Thomas Vincent.*

The whole of a Christian's life is very properly compared to a warfare. The most eminent Christians are the best soldiers, endued with the greatest degree of Christian courage. —*Rev. President Edwards.*

True Christians in a right spirit are still subject to temptations from within and without; but watching unto prayer, they do not fall by them.—*Bogatsky.*

I am fully assured that God does not, and, therefore, that man ought not to require any more of man than this,—to believe the scripture to be God's word, to endeavor to find the true sense of it, and to live according to it.—*Rev. William Chillingworth.*

If my money were another man's I could but keep it; only the expenditure shows it to be my own. It is greater glory, comfort, and gain to lay it out well than to keep it safely; God hath made me not his treasurer but steward.—*Bisshop Hall.*

INDIANS WEST OF THE MISSISSPPI.

The following description of the condition of the tribes west of the Mississippi, is from a late speech of Mr. Sevier made to the Senate of the United States:

Within the limits of the proposed territory, there are eighteen emigrant tribes, who number in population about 73,200, and there are eight indigenous tribes, whose aggregate number is about 21,600, making in all about 95,000. In this estimate I have not included the wild Indians of the prairie or the mountains, or those residing north of the Missouri, or around the sources of the Mississippi, as all of these are without the limits of the Territory.

Of those whose condition we are now considering—the principal and most influential and with a few individuul exceptions by far the best informed and civilized, are the Choctaws, the Chickasaws, the Cherokees, and Creeks. Many of these have learned our language, our literature, our agricultural pursuits, and mechanic arts. Some of them have studied our forms of government and have organized their government for their respective tribes, in imitation of ours.—They have printing presses among them; they publish newspapers in the English and Indian languages. They print their school books and almanacks, &c., and Guess, a full blooded Cherokee, an untutored savage, has had the lasting honor of inventing for the Cherokees their alphabet.

Several of the tribes provided for the establishment of schools, several of which are now in operation, and at which some hundreds of Indian youths are now annually educated. Several of the tribes have set apart large sums of money forever, of which our government is trustee, for the purposes of education. And sir, as you are well aware, there are now annually educated at your residence, in the heart of Kentucky, some two or three hundred Indian boys, at the voluntary expense of the Indians themselves. These tribes have among them several shrewd, intelligent, wealthy native merchants, who aunually import into the country many thousand dollars worth of merchandise.

They have mills and gins, and cotton farms, and in 1837, the Choctaws made and sent to market 600 bales of cotton, which was worth upwards of $20,000.

They raise every year a large surplus of corn, hogs and cattle, which they dispose of in part, by contract, to Government, to feed the emigrating Indians, and supply the troops of our garrisons. But sir, as this inquiry must be interesting to the Senate, I will be more particular, and read a few extracts from the work I have previously referred to. Speaking of the Choctaws, the author of this work says:

'They are improving in civilization and comfort. Their houses and fields indicate a good degree of industry: Many have large farms. They own much live stock, such as horses, cattle, sheep and swine, and are pretty well supplied with farming utensils. They own about 600 negro slaves.

'They own three flouring mills, two cotton gins, eighty-eight looms, and two hundred and twenty spinning wheels.—They have thirteen native merchants, besides white men engaged in the same business.'

If these statements are not overcharged, the present century may not expire before we have on our borders a Republic of red men, whose politics it will be necessary to understand, and whose friendship may become of great importance to the dwellers in the lower valley of the Mississippi. Hitherto, the Anglo-Saxon race has met with little success in civilizing the Indians; but now that the Aborigines are meeting the efforts of the Government half way, perhaps the next generation will witness the rise of aboriginal communities and States, eclipsing in the arts of civil life, and the science of government, all we read of in the narratives of the historians of the 16th century, touching Mexico and Peru.

[American Annals of Education.]

ACADEMIES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The academy at Williamstown was incorporated in 1828; the Pittsfield female academy in 1807; the Stockbridge academy in 1828; the Lenox academy, incorporated in 1803, has prepared a large number of individuals for college, and is a very useful institution; the average number of scholars, 60 or 70; the Northfield academy has 107 students and the annual expense for instruction, &c. is $800. At Greenfield is the 'Fellenberg institution' under the instruction of Mr. James H. Coffin; the students are essentially aided by provisions for manual labor. Deerfield academy is one of the oldest in the State, and was incorporated in 1797; it has a valuable chemical and philosophical apparatus. Amherst academy was incorporated in 1816; the number of scholars is from 90 to 120, all males; a class of 20 or 30 are fitted for college each year; it has been ever since its establishment one of the principal academies in the State. At Hadley is Hopkins academy, incorporated in 1816; the income from the funds amounts to about $400 per annum. At Southampton, eight miles south of Northampton, is the 'Sheldon academy,' incorporated in 1829. Westfield academy was incorporated in 1793; the academy is provided with a chemical and philosophical apparatus; lectures are given on a variety of subjects; the academy has a fund, the income of which is applied to the payment of teachers in part. At Springfield $600 is paid annually for the support of a high school. At Wilbraham, is the Wesleyan seminary, incorporated in 1824, and is a flourishing institution, embracing males and females, and a various course of study. At Monson is a very flourishing institution; the half township of land given to this academy was sold for $5,000, attached to the institution is a general fund of $6,000, a premium fund of $500, and a charity fund of $6,500, making in all $13,000 the charity fund is designed to aid young men in preparing for the ministry; facilities are enjoyed at this academy for manual labor; board is very reasonable. At Leicester is one of the oldest academies in the State, incorporated in 1784; the funds amount to $19,000; average number of scholars, 60 or 70; a new building has, within a few years, been erected for the use of this academy. At Dudley is Nichols academy, incoorporated in 1819. At Milford is an academy, incorporated in 1828, which has about 35 scholars each quarter. At Westminster is an academy, incorporated in 1833, which has 25 scholars, about one half from the neighboring towns. The academy at New Salem was incorporated in 1795; the Gates in Marlboro' in 1830, funds, $2,000; the Framingham in 1799; funds, $7,000; the Billerica in 1820; the Groton in 1793; the Lancaster in 1828; the Lexington in 1822; the Westford in 1793; the Middlesex female at Concord in 1806; the Haverhill in 1828; Central village academy in Dracut, in 1833; the Bradford academy in the west parish of Bradford, in 1804. The Dummer academy at Newbury, incorporated in 1782, has large funds, given by the gentleman whose name it bears. The Newburyport academy, incorporated in 1807. The Ipswich female seminary was incorporated in 1828. It is the leading object of the seminary to prepare young ladies of mature minds for active usefulness, especially to become teachers; none are received under the age of 14 years. The winter term commences on the last Wednesday in October, and continues 25 weeks, including a vacation of one week. The summer term commences the last Wednesday in May, and continues 16 weeks. At Topsfield is an academy incorporated in 1828; Marblehead in 1792; at Lynn incorporated in 1805; at North Andover, the Franklin academy, incorporated in 1803; at East Bradford, the Merrimac incorporated in 1822. Phillips, at Andover, south parish, was incorporated in 1780, and has two departments, classical and English. The institution is provided with a respectable building and with a library of several hundred volumes; the English school was commenced in the autumn of 1830; it has an excellent building of stone, is furnished with various apparatus, and is altogether a very eligible place for acquiring an education; a boarding establishment is connected with both institutions, with land and mechanical accommodations for manual labor a student by laboring three hours in a day may pay a considerable portion of his expenses. A short distance from the two institutions just named, is the Abbot female academy, incorporated in 1829. At Woburn is the Warren academy, incorporated in 1830; funds, $8,000, and accommodations for manual labor. The South Reading academy was incorporated in 1828, and is 10 miles north of Boston; the building cost 2,700 dollars, defrayed chiefly by the Baptist society of South Reading; two departments, English and classical. At Charlestown is a female seminary, incorporated in 1833.

In Weymouth, the Braintree and Weymouth academy, incorporated in 1828; Bridgewater academy, incorporated in 1799, with 5,000 dollars funds; Bristol, at Taunton, incorporated in 1792; Chatham, 1829; Day's at Wrentham, 1806; Derby, at Hingham, 1797, 25,000 dollars funds; Friends, at New Bedford, 1812, funds, 5,000 dollars, library, 1,200 volumes; Hanover, 1829; Kingston, 1816; Middleboro' 1829. Baptist; Sherburne, 1828; Sandwich, 1824; Plymouth, 1793; Nantucket, 1801; in the same town 89 scholars attend 'admiral Sir Isaac Coffin's school,' the expense of which is 1,243 dollars, besides which 49 private schools are returned at an expense of 9,552 dollars; at Edgartown, there are two academies. 'Edgartown' and Dukes county,' both incorporated in 1833—students in both, 100; expense of both, 1000 dollars; Patridge at Duxbury, 1829; Milton, 1798; Randolph, 1833; Franklin, 1833; Newton female; Young ladies school in North Bridgewater.

MORNING PRAYER.—Let secret prayer by yourself alone be constantly performed, before the work of the day be undertaken. It is much better to go from prayer to business, than from business to prayer, in regard of the mind's free dom from distracting thought. Because, also, if the world gets the start of religion in the morning, it is hard for religion to overtake the world all the day after.—*Burhill.*

MEDITATIONS ON HOPE.

O how I love to retire from the noise and bustle of society, and commune with my own self, and by devout and prayerful inquiry and examination, ascertain the strength of my faith and hope in the truths of Divine Revelation. For a purpose so sacred, give me silence, solitude, seclusion. And even then, I am too oft compelled to chant the plaintive strain of some poet,—

What, on the lapse of hours like these
Can earth, with all her phantoms, fling,
When hope hath ceased her melodies,
And folded up her rain-bow wing?

But, alone and undisturbed, my soul's inmost thoughts, and feelings, and *hope*, too, are her own. They are quietly spread out before the all seeing Eye, and subject to the scrutiny, which cannot be eluded. But I would not elude it! Whilst multitudes are tossed on the billows of dreamy night, be it mine, far removed from the hum of business and the tumult of conflicting interests and jarring passions, to indulge in holy meditation, and cherish hope divine. Standing on the margin of this mortal state, the mind's eye stretches its visual powers into the broad, measureless, unexploded, regions of futurity. Yet, instead of vision, all is mere contemplation,—rather mere conjecture. Making calculations only from what I *know*, the prospect is by no means cheering, hardly supportable. Calling to my aid the best lights of 'the wisdom of this world,' I propose sailing o'er death's broad sea of uncertainty. But alas! my strength is weakness, my resolution timidity. I shudder and shrink from the adventurous voyage.

My philosophy is useful in its appropriate sphere; but it sheds no blaze of glory immortal on the bosom of timeless eternity. It exhibits no 'bright star of hope' on the distant shore, to cheer the soul's searching eye with rays of joy and fearless expectation. Its brightest beams are faint and flickering and unsubstantial, as we approach that awful bourne from which no traveller returns. Its boasted wisdom becomes folly, and its wonderful discoveries, the mere phantoms of imagination, at the very crisis when enduring aid is most needed. It cannot

'Chase the clouds that round us rise,
And bathe in light the uplifted skies'

Let me turn away, then, from these shadowy forms of rational hope and confidence, and fix my eye steadily on the 'star of hope,' revealed in the gospel of human immortality. O, with what transports of delight does my anxious spirit 'drink in its gladdenning rays.' Let me indulge in strains of gratitude and praise to the Father of lights, that he has blessed me with any good degree of Christian hope, and caused the lamp of life eternal to shed its beams of glory on my future, final prospects. Let me give full scope to my contemplative powers, soar on 'the rainbow-wing' of joyous expectation, bask in the sunny regions of ever increasing delight, and antedate the joys of heaven, far away from these stormy, murky shores of sin, sorrow, and mortality.

With this angel of hope for my companion, I can visit the empire of death, with emotions widely different from those which philosophy inspires. The silence, and darkness, and unbroken sleep of the grave, do not terrify me. There is now something peculiarly solemn, but not alarming, in following my dearest relations and friends to the congregations of the dead. There moulder their lovely forms, and again mingle with native dust. But thanks be to merciful heaven, that I can recognise them as candidates for immortality. Though not fully satisfied that these frail tabernacles of clay will ever be re-embodied, yet, each individual shall rise from the dust of death in a glorious constitution, undying in existence as the Being whose impression it bears. O blessed hope! auspicious prospect of a blissful eternity. No oracle of superstition need be consulted to foretell the final destinies of young immortals, or hush the tempetuous inquietude of the soul painfully vacillating between hope and fear. No; the light of revelation shines resplendent as the sun at noon day. And though a cloud may occasionally intervene, and *hope*, for the moment, 'fold her rainbow wings,' yet, when it is past she spreads them broader than before, and with new efforts, mounts higher towards the realm of light and glory. Hail, celestial Christian hope! immeasurably wide be thy gladdening influence extended. Soon, aye, very soon, may that illustrious day come when thy glories shall mingle with the rays of each rising sun, and be dispensed, inhaled, and enjoyed by all, of every nation, kindred, and tongue under heaven.—*Watchman.*

No man can set his affections on things here below who hath any regard to the pattern of Christ, or is in any measure influenced with the power and efficacy of his cross. My love is crucified, said a holy martyr of old. He whom his soul loved was so, and in him his love to all things here below. Do you therefore find your affections ready to be engaged unto or too much entangled with the things of this world, are your desires of increasing them, your fears of losing them, your love unto them, your delight in them, operative in your minds, possessing your thoughts, and influencing your conversation? Turn aside a little, and by faith contemplate the life and death of the son of God: a blessed glass will it be, where you may see what contemptible things they are which you perplex yourselves about. O that any of us should love or esteem the things of this world, the power, riches, goods or reputation of it, who have had a spiritual view of them in the cross of Christ.—OWEN.

FLOWERS.

'Flowers, of all created things, the most innocently simple, and most superbly complex—playthings for childhood, ornaments of the grave, and companions of the cold corpse! Flowers, beloved by the wandering idiot, and studied by the deep thinking man of science! Flowers that, of perishing things, are the most heavenly. Flowers that unceasingly expand to Heaven their grateful, and to man their cheerful looks—partners of human joy; soothers of human sorrow; fit emblem of the victor's triumphs, of the young bride's blushes; welcome to the crowded halls, and graceful upon solitary graves!—Flowers are the volume of nature, what the expression 'God is love,' is in the volume of the revelation. What a desolate place would be a world without a flower! It would be a face without a smile—a feast without a welcome. Are not flowers the stars of the earth, and are not our stars the flowers of Heaven? One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. They are emblems and manifestations of God's love to the creation, and they are the means and ministrations of man's love to his fellow creatures; for they first awaken in his mind a sense of the beautiful and good. The very inutility of flowers is their excellence and great beauty; for they lead us to thoughts of generosity and moral beauty, detached from and superior to all selfishness; so that they are pretty lessons in nature's book of instruction, teaching man that he liveth not by bread or from bread alone, but that he hath another than animal life.'

IMPRUDENCE.—Those who in confidence of superior capacities and attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, ought to be reminded, that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.—*Johnson.*

MR FRELINGHUYSEN'S ADDRESS,

On being officially introduced into the office of Chancellor of the University of the city of New York.

The desire of knowledge is deeply fixed in the human mind. It is strong in childhood, and through every stage of our existence *exerts* a constant and active influence. The untutored savage, as he roams the forest, feels within him the workings of this mighty principle of his being. He longs to know. He is awed by the display of divine power; and when the thunder breaks around him, he adores the Great Spirit who wields it and would learn more of his nature. He is ignorant not of choice—the avenues of light are shut from him, and he must track his gloomy path, bereft by his condition of the means of cultivation and the gifts of science. The pursuit of knowledge is our duty and our privilege. Both may be inferred from the objects around us and the powers within us. The sun in his course of light—the planets as they roll through immensity—every star that twinkles and every leaf that grows, furnish proof that the being for whom heaven and earth were made, must, from the propensity of his nature, be curious to understand these wonderful works of God. And when man walks abroad, not as an indifferent spectator, but endowed with faculties that can scan the orbits of every planet, that follow the sun in his way and the moon in her brightness—that can explore the secret places of the earth and bring to the light of philosophy its hidden treasures—we may feel assured of the truth, that knowledge is a birthright, which nature and duty prompt us to cultivate and acquire.

The first cares on this subject, concern the best mode of giving direction and healthful impulse to the thirst after knowledge. How the mind shall most usefully employ and improve its power has always been an interesting and anxious question. The acquisition of knowledge is comparatively an easy task; with the industrious student, application and memory can accomplish it, with great facility—but when science has brought in its stores how we shall arrange and combine them—how we shall best prepare these treasures for use—has been a more difficult task.

And here we may find the appropriate service of education. As the term imports, it is designed to lead the mind into the proper use of its powers—to train it to the best modes of thought and reflection—to teach it how to think and how to learn. Like the apprenticeship of the mechanic, who should first be taught the nature and use of his tools—so the student must first learn the nature of the faculties which God has bestowed and the way by which he is to bring them into exercise. He must be schooled to draw on himself—to task his own strength—to feel that he has a power within him which can reason, combine, compare and judge; and that under heaven it rests with his own will, whether these powers shall or not meet their exalted destinies. That system of education deserves the first place which, as much as may be, casts the youth upon his own resources, and constrains him to think soberly and justly. And moreover by such discipline the man is brought to better acquaintance with himself. His passions as well as his powers are subjected to review. He learns his weakness as well as his strength, and forms a wise estimate of his whole nature.

We would not depreciate the value of knowledge, nor speak lightly of what is still more important, the elementary principles of science. These are indispensable to all useful acquisition. They are not only the guides, but the defences of sound learning: for they alone can safely lead us to the truth, and preserve us from the insinuations and assaults of error. Fortified by these, the mind cannot easily go astray; without them it may be exposed to painful uncertainty, and become the victim of all manner of delusion.

Perhaps no age of the world has made louder calls for the exercise of a mental discipline to steady its movements, and by the application of such moral restraints, to bring the mind to a pause. Every thing seems to be under feverish excitement. On all subjects, and in all circumstances, men are under hurried impulses. Speculation in commerce is not more adventurous than it is in philosophy. The productions of the intellect are thrown off in wholesale quantities. A literary dissipation threatens to despoil learning of all its energy. And unless our youth can be persuaded calmly to look on, and, while this fever rages, retire within themselves and resolutely engage in the stern and sober work of slow and patient study, we may with good reason fear that all solid attainments are hopeless.

This, if ever, is the time for the friends of learning to rally around our literary institutions, and revive, with fresh vigor, the cultivation of those principles that tend to chasten the imagination, mature the judgment, and create sober-minded, ripe, and useful scholars. And aside from the present excitement, that may be only for a season, the nature of our political institutions requires counteracting influences. Freedom in our country is not a matter of mere hope, or the watchword for political effect. It is a living, active, and perilous reality. Its boast is on every lip; it glows in every heart. And because it is so, the necessity is urgent that our youth should be trained safely to use and beneficially to enjoy the rich inheritance. Let them be educated to receive into their keeping the high and sacred trust of American liberty; the legacy borne to them from their fathers, as an inestimable birthright; the hope of the world for all coming generations. Magnify to them their responsibility, and when they shall clearly apprehend its character and feel its weight, they must prize the worth of all moral and intellectual means that give promise of aid. The man who is conscious of his responsibilities as a member of this community,

is generally, and for that reason, the safest citizen. He finds himself connected with interests that cannot be trifled with. In view of them, he realizes his own importance; and this elevates him to a self respect that is among the incentives to virtue.

Here I may be allowed a moment to say that, among the first means by which we may hope to qualify our youth for their high duties, is thoroughly to imbue their minds with the principles of our government. The whole range of political philosophy cannot furnish a theme so noble, and to us so interesting, as the constitution of the United States. This exquisite system, that combines the whole country, with its confederate parts—twenty-six States, each independent within its constitutional sphere, moving in harmonious action with the federal union, without serious interference or disturbance—what seems to a stranger a confused mass of political fragments, being in truth a most orderly, effective, and happy fraternity, forms the brightest example of well regulated liberty that ever adorned and enriched mankind.

The benignity of Providence did not cease toward us with the bestowment of this original blessing—a good constitution. His abundant blessings flowed on for us when men were permitted to live who were qualified to expound this great instrument; their lucid expositions illustrate its practical purposes, and mould and shape it into durable and well ordered form. We should be grateful to God that such exalted minds as Jay, and Hamilton, Madison and Marshall, have shed floods of light upon the bond of our union; and, to crown all, that in forensic discussions, the subject has been treated with such a power and clearness, and truth, and simplicity, as have made its most delicate apportionments of power familiar to the apprehension of an humble school-boy.

But this desire of knowledge may become inordinate and dangerous. There is a propensity in the human mind, in the pride of its self-confidence, to know too much. True philosophy is modest in its pretensions; and having ascertained the boundaries of science, is content to range within those limits.

It takes its seat amid the wonders of creation, and when approaching the line beyond which revelation will not conduct us, it checks investigation, and is willing to be ignorant. But the restless spirit of bold inquiry and reckless speculation breaks over these confines, and would penetrate into regions that are purposely excluded from our search. The philosopher expects to be baffled in many of his investigations—conscious that the subjects with which he deals are the workmanship of an infinite mind, of Almighty power and perfect wisdom; he dares not pry beyond the open leaves, nor rejudge the counsels of Him who spake and it was done, who commanded and it stood fast. When the book of inspiration, with immutable sublimity, reveals to him that God *said* let there be light, and there *was* light, his feeble powers bow in reverence to the truth of the revelation. He dares not urge the inquiry, how light was created; the word and power of God satisfy his mind. He rests there, deeply convinced that there is no rest beside. Tell him that this is mysterious, he expects mysteries, and replies to the cavil—who, by searching, can find out God? And we may surely have compensation, if needed, in the rich broad fields open for our investigation in the worlds of matter and mind, as well as in the animating truth that what *may be* learned will form subjects for thought and study that can never be exhausted. Here is a fountain at which the wisest of all ages have refreshed and filled their desire to know—and the fountain flows still, deep and full.

Indeed, one of the best fruits of study is the conviction of our short-sightedness; how much there is to confound us even among the humblest works of the Creator. And this conviction has always been most decided in minds the best enlightened. They have approached the nearest to the limits that bound our investigations, and can therefore best realize the fathomless abysses that lie beyond. The man who rises in sublime speculations to the justest conceptions of God and his works, will always the most readily take the lowest seat at his footstool. At this school their path was traced by the good old rules of common sense, dealing with things as they ascertained them to exist. When reason fainted in the pursuit, faith sustained them. They reposed with pious confidence in the belief that He who hung out these worlds upon nothing, and has moved them ever since creation, to the exactest minute, that He who clothes the flower and arms the thunder, has done all things well. Well may philosophy, chastened by experience, resume her true position, and hold the light to realities; and bear it only as far as its rays can be shed to illuminate, and no longer pervert her powers to bewilder and mislead.

Let it be our aim to spread with liberal hand the blessings of true science. It belongs to our seminaries to raise the standard of education; to illustrate its practical benefits, and to bring them within the reach of all the people, the humblest as well as the highest. Our country has a deep interest in all her citizens; and none of them should be suffered to live in ignorance. And they need not. The nature and general properties of all the objects around us may be made familiar to every mind. While the heavens declare the glory of God—the mechanic and the sea-boy, as well as the philosopher may learn the laws by which he controls and governs those immense masses, and holds them in constant and harmonious revolution. Let the door be open to all—let knowledge be free and made accessible to all—and with the blessing of God, many generations to come may rejoice in the benefits of a free constitution. Let people have light beaming from science and religion, and the great question of self-government, that has so often trembled on the balance, will be resolved and settled as every patriot desires.

But education will fail to accomplish its best ends unless religious influence shall be mingled with intellectual cultivation. Man was created for more exalted purposes than merely to investigate the laws of the universe. His great career lies beyond time, and his endowments are adapted to his destiny. The mind and heart must be improved to glorify the Being who made him, or he violates the first law of his nature. Hence, the discoveries of science, the lights of history and the deductions of philosophy should all connect themselves with God, to illustrate his wisdom and power and goodness. This the immortal Newton felt to be his true glory. It has been eloquently said of him by a kindred mind—'Mark where it is that a Newton finally reposes, after piercing the thickest veil that envelopes nature—grasping and arresting in their course, the most subtle of her elements and the swiftest—traversing the regions of boundless space—exploring worlds beyond the solar way, giving out the law which binds the universe in eternal order, he rests as by an inevitable nesessity upon the contemplation of the great first cause, and holds it his *highest glory to have made the evidence of His existence and the dispensation of his power, and of his wisdom better understood by men.*' This is the noblest direction that can be given to our pursuits. It invests the researches of science with an interest and value that may be lasting as eternity. And we who are born to die and to meet the realities that death will disclose, should earnestly heed whatever may enlighten us in the counsels of our Redeemer and Judge.—Philosophy best promotes her true dignity by a cherished sympathy with the oracles of truth. She never inflicted so deep a wound upon all her interests, as when she strove to put down the religion of the Bible, and exalt upon its ruins the cold speculations of infidelity. The experiment was made in France, with human passion and power to aid in the trial—and the results may be learned in a chapter of her history, among the darkest in the records of time. No one can read it even now, at the lapse of half a century, without a shudder. France had in impious defiance denied the God of the Bible—and blotted his Sabbaths from her weeks. She had shut up his temples and instead of the bright hopes of immortality, inscribed on the tomb 'death is an eternal sleep.' The offended Judge of the universe left her to her madness—and the fruits we have seen, and the agonies and throes of a bleeding country vindicated the majesty of his laws and the honor of his name.

To cherish and promote the great interests of learning and religion will, I think, engage the earnest efforts and assiduous cares of all who are entrusted with the concerns of the University. By devoting my best exertions to carry out the enlightened plans of my honored constituents, to sustain the fame, and extend and enlarge the usefulness of this interesting seminary, I can alone, in any measure justify the confidence that has called me to that station.

The University may become a fountain whose streams of light and sacred influence shall continue to flow, the hope of parents and the blessing of their children, while time shall last.

Here may science flourish in her purity; here may religion ever hold her place in the heart, and hallow with her influence our studies. Amid the vicissitudes and revolutions of time, may she still lift her voice in the defence of the truth, and send forth its able advocates into all the departments of society, and whatever else shall be her destiny, may God in his goodness grant that neither encouragement nor countenance shall ever be given here to the delusions of a vain philosophy or a false religion.

PIOUS MOTHERS.

Facts often carry more weight than arguments. Bishop Hall speaking in tender and affectionate terms of his mother says, 'How often have I blessed the memory of those divine passages of experimental divinity, which I have heard from her mouth!—What day did she pass without being much engaged in private devotion?—Never have any lips read to me such lectures of feeling piety as her's. In a word, her life and death were saint-like.'

Phillip Henry, usually called, on account of the spirituality of his mind and the amiableness of his conduct, the 'heavenly Henry,' was in his earliest years trained up by his fond parents in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and he retained to the end of his life a lively sense of the benefits thus received. 'If ever, says he, any child such as I was between the tenth and fifteenth year of my age, enjoyed line upon line, and precept upon precept, I did, and was it in vain? I trust not altogether in vain. My soul rejoiceth and is glad at the remembrance of it. The word distilled as the dew and dropped as the rain.—Bless the Lord, O my soul; as long as I live I will bless the Lord; I will praise my God while I have my being! Had it been only the restraint that it laid upon me, whereby I was kept from the sins of other children and youth, such as cursing and swearing, and sabbath breaking, I was bound to be very thankful; so that it prevailed, through grace, effectually to bring me to God, how much am I indebted to him! what shall I render him!'

One of the most touching passages in the confessions of the celebrated Augustin, is that in which he speaks of the tender solicitude of his devout mother, and owns the influence which her prayers and tears had in checking his licentious course and changing his views and pursuits.—The late venerable John Newton, in the narrative of his eventful life, expresses the most ardent regard for his revered mother. She made it her chief business and pleasure to instruct her only child in the elements of religious knowledge. She stored his memory with whole chapters of scripture, with catechisms and hymns, and left no means untried to impress upon his mind the truths of Christianity. This excellent parent he lost when he was seven years old. Plunged into a wicked world, his youth and mature years were given up to almost every kind of vice and profligacy; and he acknowledges, that after he was reclaimed by the grace of God, the instructions given in his childhood vividly recurred to his recollection, and were of considerable use to him. Gilbert West was at one time drawn into the labyrinth of infidelity. But he did not feel at ease in his unbelief. The lingering impressions of reverence made by maternal tuition could never be quite effaced. In a letter to Dr Doddridge, he says, 'I cannot help noticing on this occasion, your remarks on the advantage of early education in the principles of religion, because I have myself happily experienced it, since I owe to the care of a most excellent woman, my mother, that bent and bias to religion, which, with the co-operating grace of God, hath at length brought me back to those paths of peace from which I might otherwise have been in danger of deviating forever. The parallel betwixt me and Colonel Gardener was in this instance, too striking not to affect me exceedingly.'

FRUITS OF HUMILITY.

1. The humble man trusts not to his own discretion, but in matters of concernment relies rather upon the judgement of his friends, counsellors, or spiritual guides. 2. He does not pertinaciously pursue the choice of his own will. 3. He does not murmur against commands. 4. He is not inquisitive into the reasonableness of indifferent and innocent commands, but believes their command to be reason enough in such cases to exact his obedience. 5. He lives according to a rule, and with compliance to public customs, without any affectation or singularity. 6. He is meek and indifferent in all accidents and chances. 7. He patiently bears injuries. 8. He is always unsatisfied in his own conduct, resolutions, and councils. 9. He is a great lover of good men, and a praiser of wise men, and a censurer of no man. 10. He is modest in his speech, and reserved in his laughter. 11. He fears when he hears himself commended. 12. He gives no pert, saucy answers when he is reproved, whether justly or unjustly. 13. He loves to sit down in private, and, if he may he refuses the temptation of offices and new honors. 14. He is ingenuous, free, and open in his actions and discourses. 15. He mends his fault, and gives thanks when he is admonished. 16. He is ready to do good to the murderers of his fame, to his slanderers, backbiters, and detractors. 17. And is contented to be suspected of indiscretion, so he may really be innocent, and not offensive to his neighbor, nor wanting to his just and prudent interest. These, it may be said, are very many fruits to spring from the one root of humility. But this is of so very great and excellent a virtue that it draws with it most others —*Jeremy Taylor.*

[From Mr. Dewey's Dedication Sermon.]

I am afraid of church peculiarity; I am afraid of every thing that is shut up within church walls, with which common principles and common opinions are thought to have nothing to do. I am shocked at the pride, passion and insincerity, that grow up in such places, when cut off from the world. I fear that in some repects the religious *morale* falls below the social *morale* of the country. There may be less of gross vice admitted into it; but how is it, with evil speaking, oppression, duplicity, and breaches of good manners? There are things said and done in religious bodies, which, I fear, can scarcely have any good report among honorable men in the world. It avails very little that men in such circumstances call one another, brethren. It availed very little to Abner in the ancient story, that Joab 'spake to him quietly,' and while doing so, 'smote him under the fifth rib.'

Official persons and bodies are always liable to err, just in proportion as they set at defiance public opinion; and therefore in this country, *religious* persons and bodies are, of all, the most exposed. Preachers are constantly saying in the pulpit, what they would never venture to say any where else to be endured. Or when the pastoral bond is broken—broken for good cause, perhaps—broken at least very willingly—then both pastor and people utter commendations to one another, in their official capacity, which every body knows to be insincere. And why? Because it was a *religious* connection! A distinguished clergyman* said ten years ago, and printed the declaration, that the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland was the most unprincipled court in Christendom. I do not pretend to decide whether this was true. But if it were true, why was it? Because it was a *Christian* Assembly! It is because the Church thinks itself entitled to stand aloof from the judgement of all mankind. This presumption, I hold, must be broken down; these battlements of pretension must be levelled with the dust. The Church is not an *imperium in imperio*—an empire by itself. Religion is a ministration to the world—not a defiance of its scrutiny. The Church is to be the handmaid of general freedom, virtue, happiness; and not to lord it over that great heritage. It is this fatal separation from every thing else, that has caused almost all churches and pulpits in the world, to fall behind the civilization of the age—behind its knowledge, science, liberty, and general liberality. The light that is in the world is not suffered to penetrate through these Church barriers. Where in the general recognized, classical literature of the world, do you find any bigotry, any religious fanaticism, any narrow technicality of faith? All these are shut up in the dark fastnesses of exclusion. I hold that religion is, not only out of its place, but that it is not safe in those fastnesses; any more than it is in monasteries, or in the dungeons of the Inquisition. There is *no safety* for a right principle in girdling walls, though they be built as high as heaven; there is no safety but only the more danger. There is nothing but the severe, scrutinizing, searching watchfulness of all mankind, that can keep any thing safe; any institution, any government, religious or political. To this, all human interests are now irrecoverably committed. And to this, all religious interests, if they be human, must be committed.

Do I say then, that the Church is a mere worldly institution, destined to take its fate with all other worldly institutions, having no pledge from heaven for its protection and perpetuity? These things I do not say. I say that the Church is a religious institution, having the pledge of its continuance in its own eternal principles, and in the power of Almighty God—not in the wisdom or device of this man or that man—of this body or that body. But I say too that it is a religious institution for the benefit of the world. And therefore I insist that it ought to stand in the presence of the world—in the open day-light of the world; that its proceedings, its principles, its creeds, must bear universal scrutiny; that God hath appointed no man, neither priest nor pope, to be the unquestioned expositor of his truth; that all men should be allowed, without threat or frown, freely to judge for themselves. If not—if men will have it otherwise—if they will strive to maintain an unlawful Church ascendency; if they think by warning or intimidation to keep out inquiry, or to keep in acquiescence, they know not the age they live in. It is not what I say or do, or any other man says or does, that is material here; the matter, be sure, has got quite out of our hands. Churches may be builded or burnt—congregations may rise or decline—names, sects, may stand or fall—I care not; with reference to the progress of truth, to the essential modification of existing opinions, I care not. A hundred liberal churches in this or a kindred country, may be burnt or beaten down—it would not disturb me a moment. In the great heart of the world lie the causes of progress; in spreading freedom, in the spirit of literature, in the growth of knowledge, in the divine elements of truth itself. Churches may set themselves against this progress; they may build up new barriers and battlements against it; but it is in vain. The age is passing by them, and they will yet stand, if they stand at all, like the dismantled towers of the feudal ages—monuments of times that have passed away.

* Rev. Andrew Thompson.

LITERATURE OF THE BIBLE.

The Bible is a book of *literature*; of the most remarkable literature with which the world was ever acquainted. I speak of it now, not as a body of *inspired* compositions, but as a body of *human* writings, conveying indeed, inspired truths; but still in human language, addressed to the human understanding, and subject to the laws of human taste. Viewing it in this light, then, I say it is a book of the most remarkable literature ever given to the world. Its *historic* compositions are imimitable specimens of translucent brevity. Its *biographies* are almost living men. Its *narratives* and *descriptions* of detached facts and scenes are surpassing models of simple and striking power. Its *poetry* is full of fountains of the most unparalleled beauty and sublimity, from which the greatest have been content to draw, in replenishing or enlivening their own streams. Its *eloquence* is like one of the perfectly manly and graceful forms of ancient sculpture, at the feet of which have set a thousand docile imitators and copyists. Its style is as varied and wild, as smooth or as rough, as pure or as strong, as unpretending or as sublime, as the ever diversified face of all glorious nature herself. Its *pathos* is the purest, truest, deepest feeling of the soul, pouring itself, living and exhaustless, into the hearts of numberless, successive generations. And its *devotional strains* taught or shall teach the world to worship.—They are *mournings of penitence*, learned in the secret chambers of the soul; or *wrestlings of faith*, prompted by insight into the promises of God; or *harpings of praise*, caught from listening at the gate of heaven. Every age to which it has been known has paid the literature of the Bible this homage, and without concert, has yet conspired to place it, in this respect, too, *alone*—a book without a likeness.—*Stone's Address.*

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JUNE 22, 1839.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND RETRACING HER STEPS.

Most people are probably greatly surprised at the movement in this establishment, it is so contrary to all the supposed tendencies, principles and passions of the age. The love of freedom in all its varieties, social, civil, mental, religious, is apparently strong and general. The character of the present is opposition to all that is arbitrary and oppressive, superstitious and prescriptive; to all that enfeebles, intimidates, obstructs the free activity of the soul. The dignity, rights, responsibleness of each man, are fervently urged and proclaimed, with tongues of fire. The duty of individuality is a prevailing conviction. The authority of reason, conscience, the interior light, are seldom denied. Humanity appears, every where, to be awaking, breaking its fetters, throwing off its weights, seizing its sceptre, ascending its throne. The righteous blood, that has streamed so freely on the earth, has been working with a mighty, and divine power, and is producing an abundant harvest. Satan and his angels seem falling fast from heaven, and every man nearly ready, to stand forth a living declaration of independence, to obey truth and worship God alone. Are these impressions all false? these hopes delusive? Is there to be a retrograde movement? Is the tide, that was bearing us on, about to ebb? Are man's loftier energies exhausted, his nobler aspirations quenched? Will he check his high career? Will he throw down his weapons? Will he retreat, scourged to his dungeon? Will he cast, under the wheels of the relentless car, the crown of glory, which he has wrung from the bloody hand of tyrrany? After having gained the upper, purer regions, where light flows direct from its celestial fountains, will he descend, to stumble and grovel again upon the dark mountains? Is he ready to take again the yoke of bondage and to be re-baptised in the dead sea of despotism? We do not believe it. The friends of mental freedom may see something to discourage them—they have nothing to fear. The cause of the soul's emancipation, is the cause for which Christ died. It is the cause of God. All there is true and good in the universe, is working for it. The hosts of heaven watch over its progress. It must prevail. The gates and powers of hell cannot stay its waves. The spirit of freedom has not folded her wings. She is shorn of none of her beauty and glory. She reigns still in the hearts of men. Our faith may be tried. But let not our confidence fail. It cannot be that any large portion of the English people will throw themselves under the shadow of assumed and superstitious authority. Still the causes of this apparent retrocession offer an interesting subject of inquiry. We have already stated what we suppose to be some of them. But what we take to be the great cause remains to be mentioned. It is this fact. Protestantism has been recreant, faithless to its own spirit and principles. The leaven of Popery is in it. It has much in common with it. They present many points of mutual sympathy and attraction. Why should they not meet together and kiss each other. There is a strong probability that every plant will grow to seed. Streams will flow on till they reach the ocean. Lopped branches will sprout again, and the tree flourish in greener and richer luxuriance. Blood, it is said will run itself clear in the course of a few generations. The original and stronger element will prevail and regain its supremacy. It will not do to sew new cloth on to old garments or put new wine into old bottles. What God has joined cannot be put asunder and what he has separated cannot be joined. But this is what protestant sects have been trying to do. Their churches are based on the rights of private judgment, and freedom of investigation. The true protestant is one, who will not suffer even the shadow of authority, to intervene between him, his Savior and God. His soul shall be free to listen reverently to all the teachings of conscience, providence, nature, the universe—to rise and expand under all quickening, joyous, enriching, elevating influences. He will hold undisturbed and unchecked communion with the holy spirit. He looks on every servile impulse as impiety. He will suppress not one pure and noble aspiration. He accepts no mortal mediator. To him, Jesus, and none other is the way, the truth, and the life. He permits no human ministration to enter the temple of his soul. He can suffer, but he cannot prove false to the voice and monitions of God. The cloud by day and the fire by night, he follows wherever it leads. He can call no man master. He bends his knee and his spirit only to the Father of glory. This is the true protestant. These principles were the sword and the throne of Luther, the principles that shook the triple crown and the nations that owned its sway, that gave birth and power to the reformation and can alone justify it. But observe the faithlessness! No sooner had a reformer broken a fragment from the Romish mass, than he went to warring with his own professions. He set himself up as some great one. He must be obeyed and worshiped. Persecution followed those that ventured to question his infallibility. The same hand, that had hurled defiance at the Pope, commenced kindling the fires of martyrdom. The deluded people instead of one master, felt the lashes of a hundred. The iron hand was still upon them. The boasted freedom, was, freedom only to follow these Rabbis.

Thus Protestantism has presented a gross inconsistency. It has borne hypocrisy and falsehood on its front. A serpent has lurked within its bosom. Its foliage is beautiful, but its roots and fruit are bitter. Its robes are those of an Angel of light. But vultures are knawing its vitals. What are creeds, consociations, Synods and assemblies, but proofs and expressions of inconsistency? What else the abuse that is poured on them that obey the voice of reason and the revelations of truth? What else the thousand petty instruments of torture and persecution by which it is attempted to drive people from free investigation? What else that whole brood of vipers, by which so many honest people have been stung? We are not speaking particularly in reference to the present and our own country. We have in our view the past history of protestantism in every country. It is a history of recreancy, hypocricy, and false pretension. Popery is consistent and so far respectable. It lays an interdict on every thought, feeling and emotion in relation to religion. It prescribes every thing. It draws the line in which every sentiment must move. It overshadows the whole soul. It rears an uncompromising authority in every mind. At its pleasure it can open or close every passage to heaven and hell. Protestantism comes forward and assumes a position directly in conflict. She looks fair, honest and heaven born. She seems warmed and swayed by the holiest and highest principles. Righteousness, peace tenderness appear to clothe her. She speaks well and powerfully about individual judgment, freedom, the rights of conscience, and the mind. Multitudes follow her with joy and gladness. But alas, a sad change comes. No sooner does she get them under her wings, than she commences devising schemes to bind them to her footstool, to regulate, surpress, root out the freedom she has promised. She looks stern, frowns, scolds, talks about schism, heretics, the enemies of God—then commences vindicating his glory with carnal weapons. Protestants begin now to reap the fruits of their inconsistency. The old leaven begins to work with increased vigor. The true friends of religious freedom will perhaps not mock when their fear cometh. But they cannot feel the emotions appropriate to dignified tribulation. Matters will not remain so much longer. Part, it may be, will return to the bosom of the old mother. And undoubtedly she will throw around them her arms of love—kill her long fatted calf, dance and be merry. The other portion must come, where we are, the true protestant ground. The principles for which we contend are in thorough antagonism with those of Popery. They and they alone can meet the latter fearlessly, unobstructedly, successfully. Either give to people perfect freedom, or take it from them wholly. No mixing of opposite elements. We cannot serve God and Mammon. We cannot at the same time be the sons of freedom and the slaves of authority. The soul cannot well admit a divided empire. We must either put a cold, strong hand on every thought and emotion, or leave all to freedom, nature and the grace of God. There can be no compromise here. Those whose house is built on the sand, or partially so, may with some reason fear, when the winds blow and the rains descend, it will fall in the dark, deep gulf beneath. But those whose house is on a rock have nothing to fear while the fiercest storms are passing. We desire that our brethren would come and build on this same rock. It is firm and broad. And the voice of God is heard on all its clefts. And it peers through the clouds into the serenest light of heaven. We have confidence many of them will come.

STORIES TO TEACH ME TO THINK. By T. D. Stone, Principal of the Abbott Seminary for female teachers, Andover, Mass.

The author has adopted the mode of imparting instruction the most agreeable and therefore the one best fitted to the minds of the young. He has pursued it, we think, with considerable success. The stories are pleasing and instructive. The style, as it should be, is simple, and the temper excellent. Mr Stone is evidently dealing with matters, about which he has thought much, and is capable of making others think soberly and wisely. It is published by J. A. Stearns.

DR PALFREY'S DUDLEIAN LECTURE ON NATURAL RELIGION. Read before the University of Cambridge.

In conclusion, speaking of the homage and firm adherence due to the truths of natural religion both because of their infinite, intrinsic importance, and the depth and force of reasoning by which they are sustained, the lecturer thus addresses the assembled students of the University.

Such homage, young friends, it claims, such specific service it may claim, from you. If it is very old truth, how, for that, is it the less deserving? Youth loves novelty no doubt; but enlightened youth can see reasons, and constant youth can stand by them. Of this priceless wealth of the soul, be it your purpose, 'that no man spoil you by any vain philosophy.' 'See that ye be no more children,' well said the Apostle, 'tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine.' The wind of doctrine may be as impalpable as the moving atmosphere, but it is capable of more awful ravages, and of more voluptuous stupefying power over the bewildered sense. Now, the wind of atheistic doctrine has revealed itself a tornado force, marking its track by the wrecks of order, learning, law, and all venerable things,—by the heaped-up fragments of whatever the beneficent toil of ages has reared to fence civilization and humanity against the inroads of the bestial element in man's highly endowed, but heterogeneous nature; and now, the light effluence of some mystic's vagrant meditation, fanning the passive sense, like an air of

'the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor,'

it has but whispered its dainty melodies in some flowery corner, and sighed itself to rest in a sunshiny day. Open not your bosoms to it, young friends, any more when it comes with softness and insinuation, than when with uproar and manifest ruin. Believe that if, by accident, it may be ornate and sentimental, it is not the less in essence mean and doltish, barren at best to the mind, as well as a fatal cheat to the soul. No trial worth the name, for the truth we speak of, or for your loyalty to it, may come in your day. But the wisdom of a wise and true man is to know and feel how he will deport himself, if the trial should come. Be the part of a prompt and stainless allegiance yours, if you would not foully shame your rearing. Stand you erect when the tempest rages, and keep spiritually awake while the perfume-laden breeze passes by. 'Be not children, tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine.' 'Be not children in understanding, whom confident or winning words may impose upon; 'howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.'

THE YOUNG LADIES GUIDE, TO THE HARMONIOUS DEVELOPEMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, by Harvey Newcomb.

This book contains much that is good, very good. Those who sympathise with the author's religious sentiment, will read it with much profit and satisfaction and those, who do not, will find not a little to approve and commend.

The following may serve as a specimen.

Where all the qualities appropriate to the Christian character exist, in due proportion, they will form a lovely character, harmonions and beautiful as the seven colors of the rainbow; yea, with the addition of an eighth, of crowning lustre. But, if any one suffers his religious feeling to concentrate on one point, as though the whole of religion consisted in zeal, or devotional feeling, or sympathy, or the promotion of some favorite scheme of benevolence, you will find an exhibition of character as unlovely and repulsive as though the seven colors of the rainbow should concentrate in one, of livid hue, or pale blue, or sombre gray; as disagreeable as though the sweet melody of a harmonious choir were changed into a dull monotonous bass; and as unsavory as a dish of meats seasoned only with bitter herbs.

This disproportionate developement of Christian character is more frequently seen in young converts; especially such as have not received a thorough Christian education, and are, consequently, deficient in religious knowledge. They find themselves in a new world, and become so much absorbed in the contemplation of the new objects that present themselves to their admiring gaze, that they seem almost to forget that they have any other duties to perform than those which consist in devotional exercises. If these are interrupted, they will fret and worry their minds, and wish for some employment entirely of a religious nature. They wonder how it is possible for Christians to be *so cold*, as to pursue their worldly employments as diligently as they do who take this world for their portion; and often you will hear them breaking out in expressions of great severity against older Christians, because they do not sympathize with them in these feelings. Their daily employments become irksome; and they are tempted even to neglect the interests of their employers, with the plea, that the service of God has the first claim upon them. But they forget that the service of God consists in the faithful performance of every social and relative duty, *'as unto the Lord, and not to men,'* as well as the more direct devotional exercises; and that the one is as essential to the Christian character as the other. The Bible requires us to be 'diligent in business,' as well as 'fervent in spirit;' and the religion of the Bible makes us better in all the relations of this life, as well as in our relations with God.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Jubilee of the Constitution. A discourse delivered at the request of the New York Historical Society, in the city of New York, on Thursday the 30th of April, 1839, being the fiftieth anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington as President of the United States, on Thursday the 30th of April 1789. By John Quincy Adams. New York, published by Samuel Colman.

This is an eloquent and elaborate discourse, not destined, like most of it's class, to pass away and be forgotten with the occasion that gave it birth, but to be preserrved and referred to as a valuable historical document. It contains a succinct and luminous view of the causes which led to the declaration of independence, of the defects of the confederacy, of

the formation of the constitution and of the administration of General Washington. It is full of political wisdom, the gathered harvest of a long life, of reflection and observation, and of warnings and encouragements which derive additional weight from the venerable age and high character of the distinguished speaker.

Phantarmion, Prince of Palm-land, in two volumes. Colman's library of Romance. Edited by Grenville Mellen. New York: published by Samuel Colman.

This is a wild and singular production, which to some will be inspiration, and to others, 'foolishness.' It abounds with beautiful descriptions and luxuriant images, and the language is remarkable for its idiomatic grace and strength. Some of the poetry contained in it, is very pleasing. It is, however, too peculiar and fantastic, to suit the taste of any considerable number of readers. It derives an additional interest from the name of its reputed author, the daughter of Coleridge.

Birds and Flowers, and other country things, by Mary Howitt. Boston; Weeks, Jordan and Company, 1839.

This is a very charming book, full of freshness, genuine feeling and the bloom and beauty of rural life, and, in point of literary merit, of a high order. Some of the poetry is very striking and beautiful, and none of it indifferent. To read it is like spending a day in the country, so vividly does it bring before us the refreshing sight and sounds of rural life. We have seen nothing of the kind, for many a day, so much to our taste, and we cordially recommend it to every one that loves either poetry or flowers.

OBITUARY.

Died in Portsmouth, N. H. January 1839, James H. Pierrepont, M. D. a skilful physician, and ripe scholar, and an hmble christian. From the eulogy of the Rev. Dr. Burroughs, delivered and published at the request of the Medical faculty of that place, we insert the closing passages.

You belong, my afflicted medical friends, to a profession, which, exercised with intelligence and consecrated by the spirit of God, is one of the most elevated, honorable, useful, and benevolent, in which men can be engaged. But remember, that if you will prosper in it, if you wish your wisdom and labors to be blessed, you must take for your guide, authority, and companion, the best of all medical books, the Bible; and in all your study and practice, you must seek, by fervent prayer, the aid of the omnipotent healer of all diseases, the Divine Physician. You, above all men, should have personal religion; as the most powerful reasons and motives for it are presented by your situation. Your knowledge of the structure of the human frame should cause you to adore the divine wisdom and goodness. Your intimate acquaintance with the delicacy of that structure, and with its infinite liability to derangement and decay, should make you eminently distrustful of the certainties of tomorrow. Your familiarity with scenes of distress and death should eloquently excite you to seek those things, which are imperishable, and to prepare yourselves for judgment and eternity. Your convictions and reiterated evidences, how often disease is the effect of transgression, should not only persuade you to be sober and temperate youselves in all things,—but should also excite you, as true friends, to rebuke and heal the transgressions of your patients, that you may effectually carry your remedies for physical evils to their real moral source. You have therefore great spiritual power in your hands. Your counsel and advice may be more effectual than your medicines. Religion will ever prove your best friend, will secure your increased confidence with the community, and be your perfect comfort in all the diseased apartments and afflictive events of your pilgrimage. Religion will also teach you to appreciate the value of the life of a fellow-creature; and you know not how much your devotional interviews with God may be of avail to save it. 'The light of revelation,' says Dr. Reid, 'is, after all, the only light, which can effectually disperse the gloom of a sick chamber, and irradiate even the countenance of death.' It has been said, that the most genuine evidence of mourning for the departed, is to 'live, as they desire.' If you now truly mourn the decease of your illustrious associate, you will strictly follow this prescription, that his life and death have given you,—that the success and renown of your profession are founded in learning and piety.

We have one more office to perform. It is an extremely painful one; it is the last. We are now to commit those precious relics to the dust. Those active feet, that have been ever busy on errands of mercy; those hands, that have so faithfully ministered to the relief of other's woes; that tongue, which ever spoke with so much wisdom, feeling, and kindness; those eyes, that have been such bright comforts in the sick chamber and interviews of friendship; that golden bowl, the fountain of his healing skill; all these ministers of beneficence are now to be committed to the tomb. We are to breathe a farewell over them, over that physician, so well beloved; and we are to see him no more, till we shall meet him in heaven. But there is a moral splendor, emanating from that noble frame, which augurs for it a day of ceaseless effulgence and bliss; for we view it, as connected with immortality. Christ guards the precious deposit; and not a particle of it shall be lost. It shall all be glorified. That corruptible body shall put on incorruption, and be made like unto his own glorious body; and through Him shall all its services be rewarded with an endless recompense. Farewell, precious relics! We consign you to the dust, in hope of your glorious resurrection. Farewell, sainted spirit! We commend you to that God, from whom you came, to the bosom of that Saviour, by whom you were redeemed. Farewell! beloved Physician. Farewell!

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MRS. CATHERINE HUTCHINS KENT.

Her price was far above rubies. The heart of her husband did safely trust in her. She did him good and not evil all the days of her life. She rose while it was yet night and gave meat to her household and a portion to her maidens. Her candle went not out by night. She stretched out her hand to the poor; yea she reached forth her hands to the needy She was not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household were clothed. Strength and honor were her clothing. She opened her mouth with wisdom and in her tongue was the law of kindness. She looked well to the ways of her household and ate not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.

Faithful and just tribute to the memory of Mrs. Catherine Hutchins Kent, go forth to the world, that though dead she may yet speak—may speak in the language of that holy Word which was her joy and her refuge while living, her peace and her triumph in death.

She was the wife of William Kent of Concord N. H. The mother of ten children, nine of whom are living. She died March 12th A. D. 1839 in her 47th year.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

DIED,

In Watertown, on Sunday June 9, at the residence of his Father, Jesse G. Sanger Esq. of Waltham, aged 25 years.

Yes, the last sigh has died away upon
His lips, and ever, and for aye, the spirit
Has departed from its tenement of clay.
In vain we strive to call it back, to linger
Yet a while with us on earth; in vain we
Supplicate for one more passing word, for one
More look of love. That heart, which lately beat
In sympathy with joy or woe, is cold and
Throbless now, e'en as the shroud that's wrapt around
His form. Hush'd is the voice, that oft has broken
On the ear, in strains of melody and love;
And closed, and silent are the lips, that parted
But to breathe the promptings of a pure, and
Lofty soul. Yes, he has gone! A parent's love,
A sister's watchful care, the fervent prayers
Of brothers and of friends, could save him not.
Death's angel issued his firm mandate, and
Is obeyed. Far from the jarring tumult
Of the earth, he rests in peace, nor dreams of
Sorrows, that are planting thorns, amid the
Choicest flowers of earth. Blest spirit! 'Tis
For thee a joyous bright exchange. 'Tis true,
The heart must bleed, when such an one as thou,
So young, so promising, is torn away from
Friends, and all that makes life dear, but who would
Call thee back, e'en were the power entrusted
To a mortal voice? when once 'transplanted in
A richer soul,' oh who could wish the flower
To bloom again on earth, but to be blown
And blighted by the winter storm? Yet we must
Weep for thee; must long bedew thy lowly bed
With tears. They cannot harm the dead, and to the
Living are a sweet relief. When poignant anguish
Wrings the heart, and sorrow wraps its mantle
Round the soul, oh then, it is a sweet relief
To weep. Yet while we mourn, we'd humbly bow
To Heaven's high will, for 'tis a Father's hand
Hath dealt the blow.

Farewell! Farewell! we'll deck
Thy grave, with summer's richest offerings,
For, 'tis a hallowed spot. There rest the ashes,
That were once thy spirit's tenement; and though
That spirit has departed for a brighter sphere,
Yet, sacred be the dust, that once was with its
Presence blest.

Farewell! Farewell! No more canst thou
Return to us on earth, but may kind Heaven
Yet grant us strength to tread the path, that leads
To joys above; that when we too must sink,
As 'sinks the sun beneath the western wave.'
We too, may be admitted to that happy land,
To share with thee the fadeless joys of Heaven.

L. B. T.

For the Register and Observer.

MISS BETSEY WARD.

Died, in Worthington, Hampshire Co. Ms., Jan. 1, 1839, Miss Betsey Ward, daughter of the Hon. Wm Ward, aged 18 years.

We have refrained from the transfer of this brief notice to the public eye, of one whose beautiful life, and holy, hopeful death, have left an indelible impression on many a kindred, many a sorrowing heart, lest the briefest reference might render less sacred, memories which silence not unfrequently more hallows than the public eulogy. We knew her as the mild, amiable, promising child, the symbol of love on the family altar, garlanded by hopes which only parents can know, whose withering none but a parent once bereaved may understand—as the gentle and accomplished maiden in youth—as the conscientious and devoted Christian in death. Yet better was she known than we knew her, in the domestic circle where an active sense of filial duty combined with the most attracting virtues consecrated her actions, and had almost won parent hearts to idolatry; in the literary institution of which she was a member, and among many fond associates conspicuous in the church as an exemplar, and in the Sabbath school connected with which she was a much interested and interesting individual,—in all these, better was she known than we knew her, and only to be the better loved, the more bitterly mourned. But we forbear further to speak, lest we disturb the fountain of bereaved affection in the hearts of parent, brother, sister, kindred, whose troubled surface we kindly hope time and the Spirit of Grace with the hope of immortality, in some measure may have charmed to smoothness. Our remarks were simply to introduce the following poem as a tribute to her memory.

All have their days of feast in life,
And Death has his;
'T is when with bloom and beauty rife,
Youth is the sacrifice.

And great indeed his festal time,
When this fair flower
Was borne in life and youth's glad prime,
To his dark bower.

We felt it such to be, who knew
Her gentleness;
The love with which each day anew,
She sought to bless.

They felt it such, associates fond,
Who bitterly
Wept round her bier the severed bond,
The broken tie.

But who the parent grief may tell,
When the loud call
To them they heard, 'Give thou to swell
Death's festival.'

Who tell of the long yearnings deep
The soul's depths down,
That there their sanctuary keep,
Though Heaven should frown.

Or the bright clinging to the vase,
Where erst the flower
In bright luxuriance had place,
Fresh in life's hour.

And other hearts there were to grieve,
Fond ties to break;
And memories their spells that weave
And ne'er forsake.

Brother and sister of these know,
And they have felt
How frail are earthly loves, and low
Their souls have knelt.

Yet while thus grief their spirit rends,
Know they not, all,
Sister and brother—parents—friends,
From whence the call?

And trust they not in their hearts' dearth,
In God's kind care?
And feel thus heaven is nearer earth,
And thus more fair? J. L. E.

Lowell, June, 1839.

INTELLIGENCE.

Springfield and Hartford Railroad.—A charter was granted last winter for a railroad from Springfield to the line of this State towards Hartford, with a view to a junction of the Great Western, and the New Haven Railroads. A similar grant has been made by the legislature of Connecticut for a road to meet the chartered one from Springfield. Surveys have been made, with good prospect of the early accomplishment of the undertaking. The project, however, is for the present thwarted, by what we regard as a very unworthy narrowness on the part of some influential citizens of Hartford, who insist that the termination of the Springfield road must be at a point some distance from that of the New Haven road requiring a resort to Horse power, in passing from one to the other, and this on the avowed principle of preventing travellers from passing through the city (as they might otherwise do) without stopping. It is not to be credited, however, that this attempt to prevent the junction of the roads, so as to admit of a continued line of locomotive power, proceeds from the deliberate measures of the mass of most reflecting and valuable citizens.

City Police.—Monday, June 17.—This morning, Justice Simmons delivered the opinion of the Court upon the questions raised by Mr. Hallett, in the case of George C. Jacobs, convicted of selling spirituous liquors, in a less quantity than fifteen gallons, without license. The principal question, as the public are already aware, was, whether the Court have power to enforce the payment of fines, incurred under the present license law, by imprisonment.

The opinion of the Court was written out at much length, and occupied about a half an hour in the delivery. We have been politely favored, by Justice Simmons, with the privilege of copying the manuscript, but have not room for the document entire to-day.

The substance of the opinion was this. The Court had no doubt about the power to commit. They agreed with Mr. Hallett in the position that there is no *special* power to imprison given in the statute of 1838, either by that statute or by the 47th chapter of the Revised Statutes; but they were clearly of opinion that they possessed this power under a general principle of law, and by the common practice of Courts, which had never been called in question before.—This power, they believed was also recognized by inference, in the Revised Statutes, in numerous instances; provision having been made for certain proceedings, when this power had been exercised.

The Court therefore directed the Clerk to declare, that Geo. C. Jacobs, convicted of a violation of the license law, and sentenced to pay a fine of $10 and costs, having refused to pay the same, stand committed until this sentence be complied with, or until released by process of law.

The number of persons collected in Court street, and about the Court House, was quite as large as on any former occasion during the progress of the case, but the people appeared less excited, and less disposed to create a disturbance.

The hour for the long expected riot had now arrived. The coach in which it was supposed that Mr. Jacobs would be carried to jail stood at the door. A pathway had been made by the officers, from the Court House to the carriage. The City Marshall, and the High Sheriff, was seen bustling about, upon the steps of the Court House, and in the open space in the crowd. The door of the coach was opened—the steps let down. The crowd clambered upon the fences, and carriages and omnibuses, and appeared at every window, and upon the house-tops. Expectation was on tiptoe. The driver mounted his box, and took the reins in hand. The eagerness of the crowd increased. There was very little excitement, except the excitement of eager curiosity, and no noise or confusion. A moment more elapsed, but still the prisoner did not appear. The City Marshall then came out, and placed a small bundle in the coach. The steps were folded up, the door was closed, and the *empty coach* drove off! A few faint cheers announced its departure, and all was over! Two thousand people looked at each other and laughed! They caught the idea in a moment. It was a true Yankee trick. The coach, and the show of force in front of the Court House, was a mere gull. While they had been patiently watching for their man at one end of the Court House, he had gone quietly out, by another door in the rear, and was no doubt safely lodged in Leverett street Jail. The news soon spread, and the assembled multitude soon dispersed.

Mr. Jacobs remained in prison but a short time. His fine and the costs of prosecution, were paid by a friend, and he was immediately set at liberty. We understand that it is his intention to bring an action against the Justices of the Police Court, for false imprisonment, fixing the damages at $5000, for the purpose of further testing the question of the right to imprison in such cases.

We learn, also, from good authority, that about one hundred men, properly armed, with clubs and watch-hooks, were placed in the basement of the Court House on this occasion, under the direction of the Sheriffs, ready to assist the Police, in case of necessity, in arresting any riotous or disorderly persons. Fortunately their assistance was not needed; but had they been called into action, we have no doubt they would have proved highly serviceable. We cannot but commend the good sense and judicious care of the Sheriffs, in preparing such a force to support the law, rather than by resorting to the dreadful alternative of military power.—*Alas.*

New York University.—The Express states that the amount which this institution received from private benefaction, at the commencement of the enterprize, was about $100,000. This is exclusive of donations in books, &c. made to the library and apparatus. The new subscription which has been raised chiefly during the last few months, amounts to somewhat over $75,000, making an amount of from 170,000 to $180,000 contributed to the Institution by individuals. There is also an annual appropriation of $6,000 from the state.

The Kennebeck Dam.—The Augusta Journal says, 'We notice that accounts of the recent disaster at this place are very much magnified, as published in various papers at a distance. It is said by some that the works cannot be reconstructed unless at a cost equal to what has already been expended; and that there is no prospect of any attempt being made to rebuild, but the whole must be abandoned as a total loss. This is a great error. The works have already cost over $300,000—the dam is still standing—the canal on the east side is uninjured—the lock is now passable, and boats and rafts are going through it every day; it has sustained no injury whatever except by the falling down of one corner of the stone wall next to the dam. As to the breach on the west side, the damage may be variously estimated; works have been washed away which cost a great deal of money, but the river is left in a condition incomparably better than it was when the work was commenced. Instead of requiring $300,000 to replace what has been lost, it will not cost over $5,000 to stop the breach by a wooden dam, and turn all the water over the main dam again. An experienced lumberman, abundantly responsible, has offered to contract to do it for that sum, and warrant his dam to stand as long as wood will last. There is no difficulty in doing it, for there is a ledge of rock on which he can build it.'

The Alleged Slavers.—It appears that the brig Eagle, brought in here by H. B. M. ship Buzzard, was captured off the coast of Africa. She was commanded at the time by Capt. Letting. The brig Clera, Capt Hooker, was also captured by the Buzzard on the African coast, and arrived last night in charge of a British prize master. Both vessels being American built and commanded by American officers, it was deemed a matter of courtesy to send them to this country for trial. We understand that no slaves were found on board of either vessels at the time of the capture, but that they were both provided with hand cuffs and other implements of the horrid traffic, and that the captains subsequently admitted the fact of their having been engaged in the slave trade. When captured, the vessels were under the Spanish flag.

We rejoice that Great Britain has given us this friendly hint in regard to our remissness on the subject of the Slave Trade: a remissness which can be in no way accounted for except on the *voluntary principle*; for it is a fact, that the capture of a slaver by an American cruiser is a thing unheard of for years, and wholly unexpected. Scores of slave vessels are caught every year by British cruisers, and we will not do our own national vessels the injustice to suppose that they *never* could catch any if they were so disposed. They can catch other 'pirates' as well as the British; but in this matter of the Slave Trade, they appear to be wholly powerless! We are sorry to say this of our gallant Navy, but truth is truth, cut where it may.—*Jour. of Com.*

Mr Stevenson.—A gentleman of this city has furnished the annexed account of an occurrence which reflected great lustre on the benignity of the British Queen and the active benevolence of Mr. Stevenson. The circumstances show the high personal estimation in which Mr. Stevenson is held by the young and popular sovereign of England:

'Some time during the last year, Reynolds, alias David Deal, son of Mr. David Deal of Shippensburg, Penn. a promising youth of 19, visited Buffalo, in the State of New York, where he was persuaded to enlist with a company of volunteers to join the Patriots for the invasion of Canada. Young Deal, with several others, was soon captured by a company of British Lancers, was tried, and sentenced to death. His situation was made known to his friends, by whose entreaty Sir George Arthur was induced to suspend the execution of the sentence for a time, and the young man was sent to England and committed to prison, there to await the approval of the sentence passed upon him in Canada, and its final execution. The Rev. Mr. Cookman, Judge McLean and Dr. Sewall, who were informed of the situation of young Deal, and the distress of his family, addressed letters to Mr. Stevenson, setting forth the circumstances of the case, and requesting his influence with the authorities of the British Government, so save, if possible, the young man's life. Mr. Stevenson made every effort in his official capacity, but in vain; when he applied to the Queen, and requested his release as a personal favor, upon which she promptly granted a free pardon, and the young man is now on his passage home. And thus an aged father and mother, and a large circle of other family connections, are made to rejoice in the restoration of a favorite boy; who, we hope, will learn a salutary lesson from the consequences of his indiscretion, and long live to thank Mr. Stevenson for his disinterested exertions, and bless Queen Victoria for the exercise of her clemency.'—*Washington Globe.*

Rev. Dr. Breckenridge on Texas.—The North Americam gives the following summary of Dr. B's discourse in Philadelphia concerning his visit to Texas:—

Texas now contains 100,000 inhabitants, chiefly from the United States, and towns are springing up as if by magic, in all parts of the country. Its territory will undoubtedly extend back to the Pacific, and it will be capable of supporting ten millions of people. The country is naturally divided into three parts; 1st. The alluvial, extending from seventy to 30 miles back from the coast. This is low, but not marshy and unhealthy like the low lands of our southern States, and is exceedingly fertile. 2. The high rolling lands, which resemble the lands of Kentucky 3. The mountainous region of the Cordilleras and the territory beyond on the Pacific. From the fertility of its soil, and the genial warmth of its climate, Texas has been often called the Italy of the western continent.

Extravagant statements have appeared respecting this country and its population: some representing it as a Pandemonium, and others as paradise. The books which have been published do not give its present condition, because its advance is so rapid that, in my own statement, (said Dr. B.) I find myself constantly behind the truth. Houston, the present capital, already contains 6,000.

The Mexicans, having settled their difficulties with France, and having put down, for the present, the power of the Federalists, would undoubtedly rejoice to invade Texas, if they could do it with a prospect of recovering the country. If the Mexicans were not of all nations the most heterogeneous, ignorant and priestridden, there might be danger of a re-subjugation of Texas. But, Dr. B. could say with confidence, that the Texans, so far from fearing such an event, are disposed to challenge Mexico to make the attempt.

Dr. B. considered the cabinet of General Lamar as characterized by wisdom and regard for the public good. He was himself received with great kindness by the officers of the Government who manifested a deep interest in the objects of his mission. He found society there full of ardor, characterized by that intenseness of feeling which results naturally from the exciting events of their history, and from their present rapid changes. He preached repeatedly in the Senate Chamber at Houston, and never addressed a more attentive audience. The assembly consisted principally of men.

Gen. Houston proposed to Dr. B. to call a meeting for the formation of a Temperance Society, and offered to preside at the meeting himself and take the whole responsibility. In the course of an eloquent address, Gen. H. said, 'I am my self an instance of the evil effects of intemperance. I entreat you to take my advice instead of following my past example.' A Temperance Society was formed, and while many of the most influential men spoke in favor of the proposition, only one ventured publicly to oppose it.

Large tracts of land have been set off from the public domain for the promotion of education. Well qualified teachers are needed: and no teacher or preacher, should go there, (said Dr. B.,) who is not well qualified and recommended. Some of the leading men express fears that Texas wil suffer from the influx of worthless characters from the United States, while they rejoice in welcoming, as they continually do, upright and enterprizing citizens, who are removing to their territory.

The Giraffe.—This beautiful animal, one of the greatest wonders in the animal kingdom, has arrived in the city, and is now exhibited near the new Court House. It is a female, and is thirty-two months old. This animal has been an object of search with the enterprising proprietors, Messrs Macomber, Welch & Co for several years; and, with one other, brought to this country, has cost them upwards of $30,000. It is rare that any exhibition is offered combining so much interest. We recommend to those who have not visited to go, and those who have families to carry their children. It furnishes innocent and rational entertainment.

A meeting of the School Committee on Tuesday, Mr. Frederick Crafts, late principal of the Taunton Aacdemy, was appointed Grammar Master of the Hawes School at South Boston.

Lynchers Punished.—It is refreshing to hear, now and then, of an instance in which Law is finally trumphant over reckless passion and brute violence. We copy the following statement from the Transcript.

A Good Example.—In Yazoo, Miss., some time ago, a Mr Harris, for some real or supposed offence, was severely lynched, by H. W. Dunn, C. W. Bain, and others. He prosecuted those two individuals for the outrage, and the case was tried at the late session of the Circuit Court of Yazoo county. The Jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff of $20,000.

A Large Piece of Chalk.—On the South-eastern and Dover Railway, in England, an enormous mass or chalk, of several thousand tons, suddenly fell from the facing of the rock forming the entrance of the tunnel, through Shakspeare's Cliff. No less than seventy-eight men would have been crushed by the fall, had they not been warned of their danger in time to make their escape, by the previous falling of some particles. This accident has afforded a rare treat to the geologists, as it has laid bare the vertebræ of an immense animal, and it is hoped that on the removal of the fallen rubbish, the remainder of the skeleton will be found. [*Advertiser.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city on Tuesday morning, at St. Paul's Church, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Griswold, Mr Marshall B. Blake, of New York, to Miss Louisa F. daughter of Charles F. Kupfer Esq. of Boston.

June 17, Mr John W. Harris to Miss Catharine B. Clap.

In Roxbury, by Rev. Mr Putnam, Mr Joseph Haughton to Miss Maria Seaver.

In Concord, by Rev. Mr Ripley, Mr Willian Brigham of Boston, to Miss Lucy Ann, daughter of Mr Joseph Merriam, of Concord.

In Wayland, 13th inst. by Rev. Mr Sears, Mr William F. Lawrence, of Newton, to Miss Nancy Noyes, of W.

In Gardiner, Me. 9th inst. Mr Virgil H. Hews, of Augusta, to Mrs Eliza McLane, formerly of this city.

In Paxton, Mr Ralph Earle to Miss Adeline E. Bigelow; Mr David G. Davis to Miss Sarah G. Earle—all of Boston.

In South Deerfield, May 25, Rev. Theophilus Packard jr. of Shelburne, to Miss Elizabeth P. daughter of Rev. Samuel Ware.

DEATHS.

In Cambridge, June 17, Mrs. Sarah F. Appleton, widow of the late John Appleton, Esq. 81.

In Charlestown, June 18, of consumption, Elizabeth B. Stearns, 28; very suddenly, Asa Rhodes youngest child of Henry Rogers.

In Cambridge, June 8, Thomas, son of Mr. Thomas Hooper, 11.

In Lexington, June 8, Capt. Nathaniel Harington.

In Salem, Hannah Nichols, 94—widow of the late Thos. Nichols.

In Milton, Mrs. Elizabeth Tucker, consort of Dea. Jesse Tucker, and daughter of Hon. Judge Warren of Foxborough.

In Walpole, N. H. 17th ult. Miss Stella L. Bowers, aged 21 years, daughter of Col Josiah Bellows.

NEW BOOK.—Lady Cheveley; or the Woman of Honor.—A new version of Cheveley, or the Man of honor. Just published and for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets.
je 22

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS—Rec'd yesterday at TICKNOR'S corner of Washington and school streets,
Symons on Arts and Artisans at Home and Abroad.
Scoresby's Magnetical Investigations.
Philidorian, a magazine of chess and other scientific Games
Pictorial French Dictionary, with 700 elegant plates
Aldine edition of Burns, 1839, 3 vols
Carey's translation of Dante, 3 vols fine edition
je22

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POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

LAZARUS.

He sleeps.

Is there no voice to rouse the sleeping dust,
And bid the springs of life flow gently on?
Will not a sister's pleading break that rest?
No, for the stern, relentless hand of death
Has stamped his impress on the placid brow.
The heart is cold, whose warm affection blessed
The helpless ones who lived in him alone,
To whom he was their all.

But there is One
Whose glance is mercy, and whose voice is might.—
Yea, who can render to the mourner back
The tender object that has shared his love.
He loved that sleeping one. His memory
Was hallowed in his heart, by many a deed
Of kindness to himself, and, at the call
Of those who looked to him with a pure faith,
He came to yield him to their love again.

Martha came forth to meet him; but that one
Who oft had knelt with warm devotion fired,
And listened to the heaven inspiring sounds
Which issued from his lips, remained behind,
In the sad solitude of grief and wo.
At her afflicted Sister's call she came.
Listen their words, 'We know if thou but *speak*,
Life shall once more those pulses animate.'
'Where have ye laid him?' spake that gentle voice,
Which never spake, except to cheer the heart
With words of blessed import.

Jesus wept,
But soon before that fast sealed grave he stood,
And on those weeping sisters turned his eye;—
'Said I not unto you, that ye should see
The glory of your God? Believe on me.
I am the Resurection and the Life.
He who believes on me shall never die.'
Then to the throne of light his eye was raised,—
'Father! I thank Thee that my voice is heard.'
That pleading voice *was* heard, and then in tones
Which thrilled through every vein of that vast crowd,
He spake the words, 'O Lazarus! come forth!'
Scarce were the breathing accents heard, when he,
So lately locked in the embrace of death,
Came forth, exulting in the tide of life
That fed his veins and warmed his conscious heart.
While he, who wrought this gracious miracle,
Went forth upon his silent, lonely way,
Not to the regal glories of a throne,
But unto scorn, and treachery, and death.

Swell! swell to heaven the anthem's hallowed note,
And bend the soul in fervent gratitude.
Though the damp grave contained His sacred form,
It could not hold Him in its chill embrace.
For He too broke its chains, and, at the call
Of *Him*, who gave Him power to raise the dead,
He spurned the fetters that would keep Him there,
And soared to Heaven, and taught His followers too,
That, as He burst the grave, so shall they rise,
And in the realms of everlasting joy,
Live through a vast eternity.

Taunton. Y. L. E.

NATURE'S WORSHIP.

BY WM. B. TAPPAN.

I stole away from the hot city to repair languid strength, by a sabbath's sojourn at East Marshfield, Mass., and there indited for my little daughter, as follows:

How the tiny wren is making
Music in its cheerfulness,—
Of the watchful Guardian telling,
Who a little bird can bless.

How the giant oak and maple
Toss their noble arms abroad—
Thickly laden with the blossom,
Whose wild fragrance smells to God.

How the honeysuckles, spotting
This rich carpet of the vale,
As they flaunt in very pleasure,
Whisper, each to each, the tale.

How the glittering insect squadrons,
As they wheel and march in air,
Lift aloud their million trumpets,
And their Leader's skill declare.

How the herds that dot the hill-side
Mutely tell me as they feed,
'God, who kindly cares for cattle,
Is a bounteous God indeed.'

How the very sky is laughing,
By the morning wooed and won--
How the very earth rejoices,
'Neath the fervors of the sun.

'God!' repeats the small birds' music,
'God!' the painted insects cry;
'God!' the giant trees are murmuring—
'God!' the little shrubs reply.

Voices from the solemn forest!
Voices from the tribes of flowers!
Voices from the brute creation,
Sky and earth—yet where are *ours*?

Poor and vile, we cannot render
Worship—darkened so by sin—
Till the heavenly Sun of Glory
Pierce the shade and shine within.

May 1839.

'HOW CHEERY ARE THE MARINERS.'

By Park Benjamin.

How cheery are the mariners—
Those lovers of the sea!
Their hearts are like its yesty waves,
As bounding and as free.
They whistle when the storm bird wheels
In circles round the mast;
And sing when deep in foam the ship
Ploughs onward to the blast.

What care the mariners for gales?
There's music in their roar,
When wide the berth along the lee,
And leagues of room before.
Let billows toss to mountain heights,
Or sink to chasms low:
The vessel stout will ride it out,
Nor reel beneath the blow.

With streamers down and canvass furled,
The gallant hull will float
Securely, as on inland lake
A silken-tasselled boat;
And sound asleep some mariners,
And some, with watchful eyes,
Will fearless be of dangers dark
That roll along the skies.

God knows those cheery mariners!
And tempers all the gales
That sweep against the rocky coast
To their storm-shattered sails;
And men on shore will bless the ship
That could so guided be,
Safe in the hollow of his hand,
To brave the mighty sea!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE IDRIAN MINER.

AN AUSTRIAN TALE.

The palace of the countess of Florenheim was thronged with lordly company. Every splendid saloon had been thrown open: but among the beauteous forms assembled there, the young Countess herself was the most admired. It might be that every eye looked in almost determined admiration upon one so gentle, and so distinguished by birth and fortune. But the young and innocent Bianca was very lovely. The usual expression of her large hazel eyes was eloquent tenderness, her features were beautiful, and every movement of her tall and delicate form was by nature graceful: though her dress was adorned by jewels of immense value, its appearance was less magnificent than simple.

That day she had taken possession of her princely wealth; and, for the first time, she appeared as the mistress of her own palace; her manner was perfectly dignified and easy, but during the whole evening, the rich bloom of her cheek was heightened by a continual blush.

The Empress remained some hours at the Florenheim palace delighted with the appearance and conduct of the young and noble orphan. The parents of the Countess had deserved and enjoyed the favor of their Sovereigns, and Maria Theresa loved to distinguish their child.

Every guest had departed; and the young Countess stood alone in her spacious and magnificent saloons. She pressed her hand for a moment over her eyes, for they ached with the glare of the tapers still blazing around her. She looked at the beautiful flowers which hung in fading garlands round the room, and sighed. With a true girlish fancy, she took down a long drooping branch of roses from the tall candelabra beside her; the blossoms were all faded; she sighed again; her heart had not been in the gaiety and splendor of the evening, and now she had leisure to attend to the silent thoughts of her bosom. She thought of her betrothed husband, and she could not help reproaching herself for having shared in any way the festivities around her, while Ernest Alberti was exposed to the dangers of war.

As the young Countess was retiring to rest, the arrival of a person, who earnestly requested to see her that very night, was announced; she hesitated at first, but after a few moments consideration, she consented to appear. She returned to the deserted saloon, and there waited till the man was introduced to her presence. She recognized at once the servant of the Count Alberti, and dismissed her attendants. How often did she tremble, how often did she turn pale with horror, during the short interview! Ernest had fought with his general officer against the positive commands of the Emperor; the general had been mortally wounded, and Alberti was disgraced, a high reward was set upon his life. He had, however, escaped, but his servants knew not whither.

Many months passed away, months of doubt and sorrow to the hapless Bianca. The young deserter was never heard of; and the festive magnificence which had flashed for a moment in the palace of the Countess, entirely disappeared. All Vienna talked of her engagement with Ernest, and many pronounced the engagement dissolved. It was said, that the Empress had herself forbidden the young Countess to think of the disgraced Alberti. Bianca was certainly commanded to appear at Court, and she did not refuse. Many of the young courtiers determined to pay more than usual attention to the very beautiful and very wealthy heiress. She appeared, but none presumed to insult her sorrow with their addresses; her real, artless grief invested her with a dignity which none dared to infringe upon. She did not attempt to conceal how severely the blow had fallen upon her; but her grief, though silent, and seeming to claim no interest, was quietly majestic. Calm and pale, she stood among the ladies of the court, an object of respect and admiration even to the Empress herself.

A year passed away. The general whom Alberti had wounded was not dead, but he had met with so many relapses that his recovery was still pronounced uncertain. Bianca continued a quiet mourner, but now her alliance was sought by many of the noblest houses of Austria: gently, but firmly, every proposal was rejected. For the first time, the Empress interested herself in the suit of the Prince, one of Bianca's enthusiastic admirers. The young Countess did not repel the confidence which her sovereign sought; she disclosed with affecting earnestness the feelings of her heart, and the principles on which she acted; before she had quitted the Empress, she perceived that her feelings were understood, she guessed that her principles were approved.

The mother of the Count Alberti was living; and still presided over the household of her son. The Countess Bianca was now a constant visitor at the Alberti palace; and a few days after the above mentioned interview with the Empress, the aged Countess and Bianca were conversing almost cheerfully together: they were elated with hope, for the petitions which had been presented in behalf of Ernest seemed to be successful. The Empress had herself written to the Countess Alberti, the letter was in Bianca's hand. Suddenly a person entered the saloon: it was the old and faithful servant of Alberti; he told them news that almost overwhelmed them. The young Count had returned, he had been brought to Vienna with a gang of desperate banditti, he was said to be the captain of men who were outlaws, robbers, murderers. 'Alas! alas!' exclaimed the old Countess, as she gazed with a look of heart-broken sorrow on a magnificent portrait of her late husband; 'this is to be the last of the house of Alberti. Thy only son, my beloved Conrad, the child of our hopes, will he prove a shame to his father's name? It is well you are not here, it is enough that I survive to witness our disgrace. 'Ernest will never disgrace you,' cried Bianca eagerly. 'We know him much better,' she added, clasping the trembling hands of the Countess with tender affection; 'there is much to be explained in his story, dear rash Ernest,' she faltered, leaning her hand upon her mother's shoulder, and burst into tears. 'We know him better; he may be wild and faulty, but he will never disgrace any one.' 'He never will, you are right,' replied the Countess; 'I spoke hastily.—I ought to hope, I ought to believe, better things of my beloved son. Daughter of my love, I was very wrong to doubt him for a moment; you judge him rightly. Bless you, bless you, my sweet Bianca.'

Alberti had been indeed brought to Vienna among the Banditti of Istria; every proof was strong against him. He was condemned to be broken on the wheel, and there seemed no hope that the punishment would be mitigated. Ernest himself told an improbable story about his not being connected with the banditti; but nobody listened to it, and he mentioned it no more. Bianca and his mother did believe him. The account was perfectly true.

The Countess Alberti, with her young and lovely friend, used every exertion to prevent his execution; but the verdict appeared irrevocable. The day, the dreadful day of death was fixed, and they implored an audience of the Empress: the aged mother, the betrothed wife lay at her feet in speechless agony; they entreated, they clung to her in the delirium of their grief. Their gentle sovereign wept with them, she endeavored to console them; but although her whole frame trembled, and her voice faltered with agitation as she replied to their entreaties, her answer left them quite hopeless. They obtained, however, permission to see the prisoner before his execution, and even this before had been denied to every one.

An unforeseen circumstance saved the life of Alberti. The captain of the banditti, who had not been taken with his companions, heard that Ernest was condemned to die. He had been once a man of honor himself; and he gave himself up to justice, and proved clearly that the count had not joined his band, and had always indignantly refused when asked to join it. The sentence was therefore changed and the noble and gallant Count Ernest was condemned in the pride of youthful manhood to become a workman for life in the quicksilver mines of Idria.

The first surprise which made known to the aged Countess her son's safety, was joyful; but her grief soon returned as she thought upon the dreadful termination which awaited all her hopes for him.—But Bianca was young and ardent, and the worst that would happen was joy to her. She devoted her whole heart, and every energy of her mind, to a plan which she instantly resolved to execute, which was to accompany her betrothed and share his imprisonment. Not only the mother of Count Alberti, but even the Empress herself endeavored to dissuade the lovely Bianca from such a rash resolution. They pictured to her that she would by such an act deprive herself of her own title and fortune—that the moment she married Alberti, her estates and title would be forfeited to the crown, and she be the simple wife of an Idrian miner; and that she would be obliged to perform even the duties of a menial servant to her husband.

'Countess Bianca of Florenheim,' continued the Empress, 'can you dare to undertake such a sacrifice? Are you aware that your mind may be upheld by an uncertain enthusiasm? Have you thought upon the drear dull calm of poverty, and decaying health? Do you feel assured that when the first tumultuous feelings have worn themselves out, when there are none around to wonder at your extraordinary devotion to Alberti, when your name will be almost forgotten indeed, by all but a few friends whom you will never behold again, do you think that you will then rejoice at the decision you have made? When perhaps your husband may be dying in the morning of age, with no attendant but a weak, helpless wife, who may be then too ill even to stand beside him; then what will your feelings be?' The Empress repeated her question, for the words which preceded it had absorbed Bianca's thoughts. She pictured to herself the young and vigorous Ernest wasting away, dying in her presence; she forgot herself, and all but his sufferings. Slowly she raised her head as the Empress again addressed her. 'What will my feelings be? Ah! I can scarcely imagine what they will be. Sorrow, certainly sorrow, but only for him, that must be the pervading feeling in such a moment. Happiness,' her whole face brightened with smiles as she spoke, 'real joy on my own account, to know that I am with him then, to hope, to believe, that I shall soon be with him *for ever*.' Bianca continued to speak, and if was evident that her mind had anticipated and dwelt on the miseries that awaited the wife of Alberti.

Maria Theresa listened to her with profound attention; she asked once again, 'Do you determine to follow Ernest Alberti to the mines of Idria as his wife, and resign your rank and possessions?'—Bianca sunk on her knee, she raised her clasped hands, and exclaimed, 'I am but too favored by God and my sovereign, if I may follow him. I resign my rank and property with joy, with gratitude.' Again, once again, the Empress fixed on Bianca an earnest and searching look, and appeared to think deeply. 'I am satisfied—I am *quite* satisfied,' she said at length, and the sternness of her look disappeared; 'I cannot countenance, but I shall not oppose your marriage.' Bianca had been comparatively calm before, but now she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed almost hysterically.—Maria Theresa would have raised her, but Bianca sprang up from the ground, her face beaming with delight, though the tears hung upon her cheeks.—'Oh! forgive me,' she said eagerly; 'your highness will forgive me. Do not mistake my tears for sorrow, I am so happy that I must weep.'

Bianca went, and with her husband, to the mines. The dismal hut of a workman in the mines of Idria, was but a poor exchange for the magnificent palace of the Count Alberti, on the banks of the Danube, which was now confiscated to the crown; though a small estate was given to the venerable and respected Countess during her life. But Bianca smiled with a smile of satisfied happiness, as, leaning on her husband's arm, she stopped before the hut which was to be their future home.

The miner's hut became daily a more happy abode; the eyes of its inhabitants were soon accustomed to the dim light, and all that had seemed so wrapt in darkness when they first entered the mines, gradually dawned into distinctness and light. Bianca began to look with real pleasure on the walls and rude furniture of her too narrow room. She had no time to spend in useless sorrow, for she was continually employed in the necessary duties of her situation: she performed with cheerful alacrity the most menial offices, she repaired her husband's clothes, and she was delighted if she could sometimes take down from an old shelf, one of the few books she had brought with her. The days passed on rapidly; and as the young pair knelt down at the close of every evening, their praises and thanksgivings were as fervent as their prayers. Ernest had not been surprised at the high and virtuous enthusiasm which enabled Bianca, to support, at first, all the severe trials they underwent without shrinking; but he *was* surprised to find that in the calm, the dull hopeless calm, of undiminished hardship her spirit never sank; her sweetness of temper and unrepining gentleness rather increased.

Another trial was approaching. Bianca, the young and tender Bianca, was about to become a mother; and one evening, on returning from his work, Ernest found his wife making clothes for his unborn infant. He sat down beside her and sighed; but Bianca was singing merrily, and she only left off singing to embrace her husband with smiles, he thought the sweetest smiles he had ever seen.

The wife of one of the miners, whom Bianca had visited when lying ill of a dangerous disease, kindly offered to attend her during her confinement; and from the arms of this woman, Ernest received his first-born son; the child, who, born under different circumstances, would have been welcomed with all the care and splendor of noble rank. But he forgot this in his joy that Bianca was safe, and stole on tip-toe to the room where she was lying.—She had been listening for his footstep, and as he approached, he saw in the gloom of the chamber her white arms stretched towards him. 'I have been thanking God in my thoughts,' said Bianca, after her husband had bent down to kiss her; 'but I am so very weak! Dear Ernest, kneel down beside the bed, and offer up my blessings with your own.' Surprising strength seemed to have been given to this delicate mother, by Him 'who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; and she recovered rapidly from her confinement.

Shortly after this an express arrived from Vienna, inquiring if Alberti or his wife were still alive. A few hours after, another person arrived with the same haste, and on the same errand: they were, the one a near relation of Bianca, the other Alberti's fellow-soldier and most intimate friend. Pardon had at length been granted to the young exile, at the petition of the general officer whom he had wounded; and Alberti was recalled by the Empress herself to the court of Vienna.

The bearers of these happy tidings immediately descended into the mines. As they approached Alberti's hut, the light which glimmered through some apertures in the shattered door, induced them to look at its inmates before they entered. Though dressed in a dark coarse garment, and wasted away to an almost incredible slightness, still enough of her former loveliness, remained to tell them, that the pallid female they beheld was the young Countess; and the heart admired her more, as she sat leaning over her husband, and holding up to his kisses her small infant, her dark hair carelessly parted, and bound round her pale brow, seeming to live but in her husband's love; than when elegance had vied with splendor in her attire, when her hair had sparkled with diamonds, and in full health and beauty, she had been the one most gazed at and admired in the midst of the noblest and fairest company of Vienna. The door was still unopened, for Bianca was singing to her husband; she had chosen a song which her hearers had last listened to in her own splendid saloon, on the last night she had sung there; the soft complaining notes of her voice had seemed out of place there, where all was careless mirth and festivity; but its tone was suited to that dark solitude—it was like the song of hope in the cave of despair.

There were many hearts that sorrowed over the departure of the young Alberti and his wife from the mines of Idria. The miners, with whom they had lived so long, had learned to love them, at a time when too many a heart had almost forgotten to love and to hope; had learned from their kind words, but more, oh! much more from their beautiful example, to shake off the dreadful bands of despair, and daily to seek, and to find, a peace which passed all understanding. Ernest and Bianca had taught them to feel how happy, how cheerful a thing religion is! Was it then surprising, that, at their departure, their poor companions should crowd around them and weep with mournful gratitude, as Ernest distributed among them his working tools, and the simple furniture of his small hut? Was it surprising, that Bianca and her husband, as they sat on the green grass, with waving trees and a cloudless sky above them, while the summer breeze bore with it full tides of freshness and fragrance from their magnificent gardens, and they beheld the pure rose color of health begin to tinge the cheek of their delicate child, was it surprising that they should turn with feelings of affectionate sorrow to the dark and dreary mines of Idria?

I must not forget to mention, that Ernest and his wife were publicly reinstated in all their titles and possessions. A short time after their return to Vienna, they made their first appearance at court for that purpose. At the imperial command, all the princes and nobles of Austria, gorgeously dressed and blazing with gold and jewels, were assembled. Through the midst of these, guiding the steps of his feeble and venerable mother, Alberti advanced to the throne. A deep blush seemed fixed on his manly features, and the hand that supported his infirm parent trembled more than the wasted fingers he tenderly clasped. The Empress herself hung the order of the Golden Fleece round his neck, and gave into his hands the sword he had before forfeited; but as she did so, her tears fell upon the golden scabbard: the young soldier kissed them off with quivering lips. But soon every eye was turned to the wife of Alberti, who, with her young child sleeping in her arms, and supported by the noble-minded general, who had obtained her husband's pardon, next approached. Bianca had not forgotten that she was still only the wife of an Idrian miner, and no costly ornament adorned her simple dress. Not a tinge of color had yet returned to her cheeks of marble paleness, and a shadowy languor still remained about her large hazel eyes; but her delicately shaped lips had almost regained their soft crimson dye, and her dark brown hair, confined by a single ribbon done as brightly as the beautiful and braided tresses around her. She wore a loose dress of white silk, adorned only with a fresh cluster of roses, (for since she had left the mines she was more fond than ever of roses.) Every eye was fixed on her, and the Empress turned coldly from the glittering forms beside her, to the simple Bianca. Descending from the throne, Maria Theresa hastened to raise her ere she could kneel; and, kissing her with the tender affection of a dear and intimate friend, she led the trembling Bianca to the highest step of the throne. There she turned to the whole assembly, and looking like a queen as she spoke, said, 'This is the person whom we should all respect as the brightest ornament of our court. This is the wife, ladies of Austria, whom I, your monarch, hold up as your example—whom I am proud to consider far our superior in the duties of a wife. Shall we not learn of her, to turn away from the false pleasures of vanity and splendor, and like her to act up, modestly but firmly, to that high religious principle, which proves true nobility of soul.—Count Alberti,' continued the Empress, 'every husband may envy you your residence in the mines of Idria. May God bless you both, and make you as happy, with the rank and wealth to which I fully restore you, as you were in the hut of an Idrian miner.

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